

A decorative title page for a book. The title 'PRECIOUS HYMNS' is written in a large, bold, serif font, with 'No. 2.' written below it in a slightly smaller font. Both are set within a decorative frame of intricate scrollwork and floral motifs. The background is a textured, dark blue or teal color.

PRECIOUS HYMNS

No. 2.







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## ORDER OF WORSHIP No. 6.

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**School.**—The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof;

The world and they that dwell therein.  
For He hath founded it upon the seas,  
And established it upon the floods.

**Boys.**—Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ?

And who shall stand in His holy place ?

**Girls.**—He that hath clean hands and a pure heart ;

Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,  
Nor sworn deceitfully.

**All.**—He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,

And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,  
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.

**Pastor's Class.**—This is the generation of  
them that seek Him,  
That seek Thy face, O God of Jacob.

**All.**—Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be  
ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors,  
And the King of glory shall come in, the  
King of glory shall come in, the King  
of glory shall come in.

**Boys.**—Who is this King of glory?  
Who is this King of glory?

**All.**—The Lord, the Lord strong and mighty,  
The Lord, the Lord mighty in battle.

**Infant Class.**—Lift up your heads, O ye  
gates,  
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors,  
And the King of glory shall come in,  
The King of glory shall come in,  
The King of glory shall come in.

**Boys.**—Who is this King of glory?  
Who is this King of glory?

**All.**—The Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts,  
He is the King of glory,  
He is the King of glory,

He is the King, the King of glory,  
He is the King, the King of glory,  
The King of glory.

**Superintendent.**—I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord.

**Chant.**—The Lord's Prayer.

**The Apostles' Creed :**

*Girls only.*

Shout for joy ! come before the Lord with singing ;

Young and old wake the glad refrain ;  
Praise Jehovah ! to Him your tribute bringing,  
Till the skies echo back the strain.

Praise the Father who loves His children ever,  
Chant His goodness in cheerful song ;  
He our God will forsake His people never ;  
Endless praises to Him belong. Shout, etc.

**How many Bibles can we show ?**

**Title of Lesson.**

**Golden Text.**

*Where is the lesson found?*

*Scholars rise, and read Scripture for  
the day's study.*

*Invocation song :*

Jesus, thou art all compassion,  
Pure unbounded love Thou art :  
Visit us with Thy salvation,  
Enter every trembling heart.

*Prayer.*

*Hymn.*

*Missionary offerings, while organ  
plays softly, and Superintendent  
reads suitable portions of Scrip-  
ture.*

*Notices of the day and week.* (Rolls  
marked.)

*Class studies.*

*Review from pulpit by Pastor or Super-  
intendents.*

*Hymns.*

*Secretaries' distributions.*

*Bell calls all to rise for parting saluta-  
tions.*

# **Precious Hymns**

**No. 2.**

1. *Florulae* *annulatae*

## 407

In the silent midnight watches,  
 List—thy bosom's door !  
 How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,  
 Knocketh evermore !  
 Say not 'tis thy pulses beating,  
 'Tis thy heart of sin ;  
 'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,  
 " Rise, and let me in ! "

Death comes down with reckless footsteps,  
 To the hall and hut ;  
 Think you death will tarry knocking,  
 When the door is shut ?  
 Jesus waiteth, waiteth, waiteth ;  
 But the door is fast ;  
 Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth,  
 Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis time to stand entreating  
 Christ to let thee in ;  
 At the gate of heaven beating,  
 Wailing for thy sin ?  
 Nay ! alas, thou guilty creature !  
 Hast thou, then, forgot ?  
 Jesus waited long to know thee,  
 Now He knows thee not !

## 408

Heavenly Father, we beseech Thee,  
 Grant Thy blessing ere we part ;  
 Take us in Thy care and keeping,  
 Guard from evil every heart.

CHO.—Bless the words we here have spoken,  
 Offered prayer and cheerful strain ;  
 If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee,  
 Grant we all may meet again.

Loving Saviour, go Thou with us,  
 Be our comfort and our stay ;  
 Grateful praise to Thee we render,  
 For the joy we feel to-day.—CHO.

Holy Spirit, dwell within us,  
 May our souls Thy temple be,  
 May we tread the path to glory,  
 Led and guided still by Thee.—CHO.

Heavenly Father, loving Saviour,  
 Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
 As among Thy saints and angels,  
 So on earth, Thy will be done.—CHO.

## 409

One there is above all others,  
 Oh, how He loves !  
 His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Oh, how He loves !  
 Earthly friends may fail or leave us,  
 One day soothe, the next day grieve us ;  
 But this Friend will ne'er deceive us,  
 Oh, how He loves !

'Tis eternal life to know Him,  
 Oh, how He loves !  
 Think, oh, think how much we owe Him,  
 Oh, how He loves !  
 With His precious blood He bought us,  
 In the wilderness He sought us,  
 To His fold He safely brought us,  
 Oh, how He loves !

Blessed Jesus ! would you know Him,  
 Oh, how He loves !  
 Give yourselves entirely to Him,  
 Oh, how He loves !  
 Think no longer of the morrow,  
 From the past new courage borrow,  
 Jesus carries all your sorrow,  
 Oh, how He loves !

All your sins shall be forgiven,  
 Oh, how He loves !  
 Backward shall your foes be driven,  
 Oh, how He loves !  
 Best of blessings He'll provide you,  
 Nought but good shall e'er betide you,  
 Safe to glory He will guide you,  
 Oh, how He loves !

## 410

Life has many a pleasant hour,  
 Many a bright and cloudless day ;  
 Singing bird and smiling flower,  
 Scatter sunbeams on our way ;  
 But the sweetest blossoms grow  
 In the land to which we go.

Earth has many a cool retreat,  
 Many a spot to memory dear ;  
 Oft we find our weary feet  
 Lingering by some fountain clear ;  
 Yet the purest waters flow  
 In the land to which we go.

'Tis the Christian's promised land ;  
 There is everlasting day ;  
 There a Saviour's loving hand  
 Wipes the mourner's tears away ;  
 Oh ! the rapture we shall know  
 In the land to which we go.

411

Are you coming Home, ye wanderers,  
 Whom Jesus died to win,  
 All footsore, lame and weary,  
 Your garments stained with sin ?  
 Will you seek the blood of Jesus  
 To wash your garments white ?  
 Will you trust His precious promise,  
 Are you coming Home to-night ?

CHO.—||: Are you coming Home to-night, :||  
 Are you coming Home to Jesus,  
 Out of darkness into light ?  
 ||: Are you coming Home to-night, :||  
 To your loving, heavenly Father,  
 Are you coming Home to-night ?

Are you coming Home, ye lost ones ?  
 Behold your Lord doth wait ;  
 Come, then no longer linger,  
 Come ere it be too late ;  
 Will you come and let Him save you ?  
 Oh trust His love and might ;  
 Will you come while He is calling,  
 Are you coming Home to night ?—CHO.

Are you coming Home, ye guilty,  
 Who bear the load of sin ;  
 Outside you've long been standing,  
 Come now and venture in ;

Will you heed the Saviour's promise,  
 And dare to trust Him quite ;  
 " Come unto me," saith Jesus,  
 Are you coming Home to-night ?—CHO.

## 412

It is good to be here to-day,  
 It is good, it is good,  
 It is good to be here to-day,  
 In the house of the Lord, with friends we love,  
 Who are guiding our feet to homes above ;  
 We give them a happy greeting now  
 As we gather so cheerful to-day,  
 As we gather so cheerful to-day.

||:There is joy in our hearts to-day,:||  
 Thro' the blessing of God our Father dear,  
 We are spared to behold another year ;  
 While beams from the sunny past return  
 ||:With a smile as we gather to-day.:||

||:We have come with a song to-day,:||  
 With the heart and the soul we gladly sing,  
 And we hallow His name, our Heavenly King ;  
 All glory to Him whose holy word  
 ||:Is our light as we gather to day.:||

## 413

I have read of a beautiful city,  
 Far away in the kingdom of God ;  
 I have read how its walls are of jasper,  
 How its streets are all golden and broad,  
 In the midst of the street is life's river,  
 Clear as crystal and pure to behold ;  
 But not half of that city's bright glory  
 To mortals has ever been told.

CHO.—Not half has ever been told ;  
 Not half has ever been told ;  
 Not half of that city's bright glory  
 To mortals has ever been told.

I have read of bright mansions in Heaven,  
 Which the Saviour has gone to prepare :  
 And the saints who on earth have been faithful,  
 Rest forever with Christ over there ;  
 There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow,  
 The inhabitants never grow old ;  
 But not half of the joys that await them  
 To mortals has ever been told.—CHO.

I have read of white robes for the righteous,  
 Of bright crowns which the glorified wear,  
 When our Father shall bid them “ Come,  
 enter,  
 And my glory eternally share ; ”

How the righteous are evermore blessed  
 As they walk through the streets of pure  
 gold ;  
 But not half of the wonderful story  
 To mortals has ever been told.—CHO.

I have read of a Christ so forgiving,  
 That vile sinners may ask and receive  
 Peace and pardon from every transgression,  
 If when asking they only believe.  
 I have read how He'll guide and protect us,  
 If for safety we enter His fold ;  
 But not half of His goodness and mercy  
 To mortals has ever been told.—CHO.

## 414

Oh word of words, the sweetest,  
 Oh word, in which there lie  
 All promise, all fulfillment,  
 And end of mystery ;  
 Lamenting, or rejoicing,  
 With doubt or terror nigh,  
 I hear the "Come" of Jesus,  
 And to his Cross I fly.

REF.—||:Come, oh come to me,  
 Come, oh come to me,  
 Weary, heavy laden,  
 Come, oh come to me. :||

Oh soul ! why shouldst thou wander  
 From such a loving Friend ?  
 Cling closer, closer to Him,  
 Stay with Him to the end,  
 Alas ! I am so helpless,  
 So very full of sin,  
 For I am ever wandering,  
 And coming back again.—REF.

Oh, each time draw me nearer,  
 That soon the “Come” may be  
 Naught but a gentle whisper,  
 To one close, close to Thee ;  
 Then, over sea and mountain,  
 Far from, or near my home,  
 I’ll take Thy hand and follow,  
 At that sweet whisper, “Come!”—REF.

415

Come, sing with holy gladness,  
 High hallelujahs sing,  
 Uplift your loud hosannas  
 To Jesus, Lord and King ;  
 Sing, boys, in joyful chorus  
 Your hymn of praise to-day ;  
 And sing, ye gentle maidens,  
 Your sweet responsive lay.

'Tis good for boys and maidens,  
    Sweet hymns to Christ to sing,  
'Tis meet that children's voices  
    Should praise the children's King ;  
For Jesus is salvation,  
    And glory, grace, and rest,  
To babe and boy and maiden,  
    The one Redeemer blest.

O boys, be strong in Jesus,  
    To toil for Him is gain,  
And Jesus wrought with Joseph  
    With chisel, saw, and plane.  
O maidens, live for Jesus,  
    Who was a maiden's son ;  
Be patient, pure and gentle,  
    Perfect the grace begun.

Soon in the golden city  
    The boys and girls shall stand,  
And through the dazzling mansions  
    Rejoice a ransomed band.  
O Christ, prepare Thy children  
    With that triumphant throng  
To pass the burnished portals,  
    And sing the eternal song.

416

My hope is in Jesus, my comfort is there,—  
 He bids me be faithful, and watch unto prayer;  
 Believing His promise, I'll banish my fear,  
 Whatever my trial, the Saviour is near.

## CHORUS.

Jesus will help me,—Jesus will help me,—  
 Jesus will help me, will help me to pray.

He gives me His Spirit, a witness within,  
 That love has redeemed me, and cleansed  
 me from sin;  
 The pledge of His pardon I feel in my breast,  
 Still looking by faith to a mansion of rest.

CHO.

O Saviour, dear Saviour, my Refuge Divine,  
 Thy cross while I bear, let the glory be Thine,  
 My all to Thy service I cheerfully give,  
 And ask in the light of Thy counsel to live.

CHO.

I know that Thy grace is sufficient for me,  
 Yet draw me, dear Saviour, still closer to Thee;  
 My heart and my treasure to Thee I confide,  
 And trust Thee forever, my Comfort and  
 Guide.—CHO.

Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious.  
 See the "Man of Sorrows" now,  
 From the fight return victorious,  
 Every knee to Him shall bow.

## REFRAIN.

Crown Him ! crown Him ! angels crown Him !  
 Crown the Saviour "King of kings."  
 Crown Him ! crown Him ! angels crown Him !  
 Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

Crown the Saviour ! angels crown him,  
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings,  
 In the seat of power enthrone Him,  
 While the vault of heaven rings.—REF.

Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
 Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,  
 Saints and angels crowd around Him,  
 Own His title, praise His name.—REF.

Hark ! the bursts of acclamation !  
 Hark ! these loud triumphant chords,  
 Jesus takes the highest station,  
 Oh, what joy the sight affords !—REF.

418

There's a beautiful place where my fondest  
hopes are stayed,  
My heart and my treasure are there.  
Where verdure and blossoms will never, never  
And fields are eternally fair. [fade,

## CHORUS.

That blissful place is my dear fatherland ;  
By faith its delights I explore ;  
But sweeter, dearer, dearer is the hand,  
That leads me in peace to the shore.

There's a beautiful place where the holy angels  
dwell,  
A pure and a peaceful abode,  
Of the joys of that place no mortal tongue  
can tell,  
For there is the palace of God.—CHO.

There is a place where our loving friends are  
gone,  
Who suffered and worshiped with me,  
Now gladly they join in the angel's happy song,  
The King in His beauty they see.—CHO.

There is a place where I trust I may live,  
When life and its labors are o'er,  
A place which our Lord to the faithful will give,  
And then I shall sorrow no more.—CHO.

Come near me, O my Saviour ;  
Thy tenderness reveal ;  
O, let me know the sympathy  
Which Thou for me dost feel,  
I need Thee every moment ;  
Thine absence brings dismay ;  
But when the tempter hurls his darts,  
T'were death with Thee away.

Come near me, my Redeemer,  
And never leave my side ;  
My bark, when tossed on trouble's sea,  
The storm cannot outride,  
Unless Thy word of power  
Arrest the surging wave ;  
No voice but Thine its rage can quell,  
No arm but Thine can save.

Come near me, blessed Jesus,  
I need Thee in my joy,  
No less than when the direst ills  
My happiness destroy ;  
For when the sun shines o'er me,  
And flowers strew my way,  
Without Thy wise and guiding hand  
More easily I stray.

Be near me, mighty Saviour,  
 When comes the latest strife ;  
 For Thou hast thro' death's shadows passed,  
 And oped the gates of life ;  
 And when among the ransomed  
 I stand with crown and palm,  
 To Thee, divine, unfailing Friend,  
 I'll raise eternal psalm.

## 420

Sweet Sabbath School ! more dear to me  
 Than fairest palace dome,  
 My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,  
 My own dear Sabbath Home.

CHO.—Sabbath Home ! Blessed Home !  
 Sabbath Home ! Blessed Home !  
 My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,  
 My own dear Sabbath Home.

Here to my willful, wandering heart,  
 The way of life is shown :  
 Here may I seek the better part,  
 And gain a Sabbath Home.—CHO.

Here Jesus stands with loving voice,  
 Entreating me to come  
 And make of Him my earnest choice,  
 In this dear Sabbath Home.—CHO.

Angry words ! oh, let them never  
 From the tongue unbridled slip ;  
 May the heart's best impulse ever  
 Check them, e'er they soil the lip.

## CHORUS.

“ Love one another,”  
 Thus saith the Saviour,  
 Children, obey thy Father's blest command ;  
 “ Love one another,”  
 Thus saith the Saviour,  
 Children, obey His blest command.

Love is much too pure and holy,  
 Friendship is too sacred far,  
 For a moment's reckless folly  
 Thus to desolate and mar.—CHO.

Angry words are lightly spoken ;  
 Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred ;  
 Brightest links of life are broken  
 By a single angry word.—CHO.

Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! O wonderful love !  
 A message has come from our Father above ;  
 'Tis Jesus who brings it to young and to old,  
 A message of mercy more precious than gold.

## REFRAIN.

Glad tidings, glad tidings !  
 O wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love !  
 Glad tidings, glad tidings !  
 We hail the glad tidings of wonderful love.

He saith to the weary, Oh, come unto me ;  
 The poor and the lowly his glory may see ;  
 He blesseth the meek with his soul-cheering  
 voice ;  
 He comforts the mourners and bids them rejoice.

REF.

How happy are they who believe in the Lord,  
 And love the sweet counsel they find in His  
 word !

Be ready to hear, and be swift to obey,  
 And follow his track in the bright shining way.

REF.

## 423

When we get home from our sorrow and care,  
 And we stand with the angels of light,  
 Oh, what a meeting in heaven there'll be,  
 In that land without shadow or night ;  
 Sorrow and care, tribulation and pain,  
 We'll leave when we pass thro' the tomb  
 Clouds of despair, storms of trial and care,  
 We shall leave for that beautiful home.

CHO.—When we get home, oh, when we get home,  
 Get home to glory-land,  
 Praises we'll sing, to Jesus, our King,  
 A ransomed, a glorified band.

When we get home to the mansions above,  
 With the loved ones gone over before,  
 Oh, who can tell what a joy that will be  
 There, to live and rejoice evermore :  
 Angels will praise, the Redeemer will smile,  
 And loved ones we'll clasp by the hand ;  
 Free from all pain, far beyond earthly stain,  
 We shall dwell in that beautiful land.—REF.

When we get home, when the morning is come,  
 And forth from the city of gold  
 Angels of God, coming down, shall call home  
 All of those who belong to His fold ;  
 Will you be there, brother, loved ones to greet,  
 Or will you forever be lost ?  
 What is thy choice fleeting pleasures of earth,  
 Or a home when death's river is crossed.—REF.

## 424

I know not what awaits me,  
 God kindly veils mine eyes,  
 And o'er each step of my onward way  
 He makes new scenes to rise ;

And every joy He sends me, comes  
A sweet and glad surprise.

Cho.—Where He may lead I'll follow,  
My trust in Him repose;  
||:And every hour in perfect peace  
I'll sing, He knows, He knows.:||

One step I see before me,  
'Tis all I need to see,  
The light of heaven more brightly shines,  
When earth's illusions flee;  
And sweetly through the silence, came  
His loving "Follow Me."—Cho.

O blissful lack of wisdom,  
'Tis blessed not to know;  
He holds me with His own right hand,  
And will not let me go,  
And lulls my troubled soul to rest  
In Him who loves me so.—Cho.

So on I go not knowing,  
I would not if I might;  
I'd rather walk in the dark with God  
Than go alone in the light;  
I'd rather walk by faith with Him  
Than go alone by sight.

He knows, He knows, He knows.

425

This is not my place of resting,  
 There's a city yet to come ;  
 Onward to it I am hastening,  
 On to my eternal home.

## CHORUS.

Farewell, then, all earthly treasures,  
 Farewell, all its empty pleasures ;  
 Onward, onward, we are passing,  
 Onward to our heavenly home.

In it all is light and glory ;  
 O'er it shines a nightless day :  
 Every trace of sin's sad story,  
 All the curse, hath passed away.—CHO.

There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us,  
 By the streams of life along,  
 In the freshest pasture feeds us,  
 Turns our sighing into song.—CHO.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,  
 Soon we bid farewell to pain ;  
 Nevermore then, sad or weary,  
 Never, never sin again.—CHO.

426

'Twill not be long, our journey here,  
 Each broken sigh and falling tear  
 Will soon be gone, and all will be  
 A cloudless sky, a waveless sea.

## REFRAIN.

Roll on, dark stream,  
 We dread not thy foam ;  
 The pilgrim is longing for  
 Home, sweet home.

'Twill not be long the yearning heart  
 May feel its every hope depart,  
 And grief be mingled with its song ;  
 We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.—REF.

Though sad we mark the closing eye,  
 Of those we loved in days gone by,  
 Yet sweet in death their latest song—  
 We'll meet again, 'twill not be long.—REF.

These checkered wilds, with thorns  
 o'erspread,  
 Through which our way so oft is led—  
 This march of time, if faith be strong,  
 Will end in bliss, 'twill not be long.—REF.

## 427

Come, let us be joyful to-day ;  
 The Saviour arose—He conquered his foes—  
 Opened a heavenly way—  
 A way that never will close.

## CHORUS.

O, come to His glorious courts with singing,  
 Love and dutiful tribute bringing ;  
 Worship the Lord !  
 Rejoice, and believe in His word.

Come, let us be joyful to-day ;  
 He sits on the throne, His sceptre we own ;  
 Cast every idol away,  
 And worship Jesus alone.—CHO.

Come, let us be joyful to-day ;  
 Thanksgiving and song to Jesus belong ;  
 Cheerfully praise Him and pray ;  
 He loves the worshiping throng.—CHO.

Come, let us be joyful to-day ;  
 The truths of His word sweet comfort afford ;  
 Hear what His messengers say,  
 And take the truth we have heard.—CHO.

428

Loud swell in choral numbers  
 The praise of Jesus' name,  
 His goodness, truth and mercy  
 Let young and old proclaim.  
 Exalt Him, O ye nations,  
 And crown Him while ye sing :  
 The Lord of life eternal,  
 Creator, Saviour, King.

## CHORUS.

“ How blessed are the people  
 That know the joyful sound,”  
 Whose strains shall yet be wafted  
 To earth’s remotest bound.

We blend our happy voices,  
 We lift our hearts above ;  
 We thank our kind Protector  
 For all His tender love.  
 How bright the year departed  
 With blessings passed away ;  
 Loud swell our choral numbers  
 On this glad, festive day.—CHO.

Hosanna in the highest,  
 Our grateful songs shall be ;  
 Hosanna in the highest,  
 Our Saviour God, to Thee :

And when, with all the ransomed,  
 Around Thy throne we meet,  
 We'll cast our crowns before Thee,  
 And worship at Thy feet.—CHO.

## 429

Just across the river, on the golden shore,  
 Where the crystal sunlight beams forevermore,  
 'Mid the heavenly bowers, 'mid the fadeless  
 bloom,  
 Dwell the happy children in their blissful home.

## CHORUS.

Would you cross the river,  
 To the golden shore,  
 Give your heart to Jesus,  
 He will guide you o'er.

Hark! the sound of voices, 'tis the echo sweet,  
 Of the children singing at the Saviour's feet;  
 'Tis the glorious anthem,—rising evermore,  
 Of the love that brought them to that golden  
 shore.—CHO.

Jesus loves the children, who His praises sing;  
 Though they wear the earth-robe He is still  
 their King:  
 He will gently guide them, till the night is o'er;  
 Then they'll join the chorus on the golden  
 shore.—CHO.

## 430

Beautiful home of the blest,  
 Beautiful home, beautiful home !  
 Home where the weary ones rest,

    Beautiful home on high !

Home where the pure and the good shall stand,  
 Clad in white raiment at God's right hand,  
 Circling His throne in a radiant band,

    Singing forever there.

Home by the river of life,  
 Beautiful home, beautiful home !  
 Free from earth's passion and strife,

    Beautiful home on high !

Home where the prisoner finds sweet release ;  
 Home where all sorrows forever cease ;  
 Home where the ransomed ones dwell in peace,

    Happy forever there.

Home of the glorified throng,  
 Beautiful home, beautiful home !  
 Home of the shout and the song,

    Beautiful home on high !

Home where the beautiful angels dwell ;  
 Home of the blessed, where all is well ;  
 Home of sweet raptures no tongue can tell,

    Ever increasing there.

Home of the city of gold,  
 Beautiful home, beautiful home !  
 Home where are pleasures untold,  
 Beautiful home on high !  
 Home where the many bright mansions be ;  
 Home where the children their Saviour see ;  
 Home where they worship eternally,  
 Praising Him ever there.

## 431

Up and away like the dew of the morning,  
 Soaring from earth to its home in the sun,  
 Thus would I pass from the earth and its toiling,  
 Only remembered by what I have done.

## REFRAIN.

Only remembered, only remembered,  
 Only remembered by what I have done,  
 Only remembered, only remembered,  
 Only remembered by what I have done.

Shall I be missed if another succeed me,  
 Reaping the fields I in spring-time have  
 sown ?

No, for the sower may pass from his labors,  
 Only remembered by what he has done.

REF.

Only the truth that in life I have spoken,  
 Only the seed that on earth I have sown,  
 These shall pass onward when I am forgotten,  
 Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.  
 REF.

Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,  
 When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,  
 Then will His faithful and weary disciples,  
 All be remembered for what they have done.  
 REF.

## 432

The Master is come, and calleth for thee,  
 He stands at the door of thy heart,  
 No friend so forgiving, so gentle as He,  
 Oh, say, wilt thou let Him depart?

### REFRAIN.

Patiently waiting, earnestly pleading,  
 Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart,  
 Patiently waiting, earnestly pleading,  
 Jesus, thy Saviour, knocks at thy heart.

The Master has come with blessings for thee,  
 Arise, and His message receive;  
 Thy ransom is purchased, thy pardon is free,  
 If thou wilt repent and believe.—REF.

The Master is come, and calleth thee now,  
 This moment what joy may be thine;  
 How tender the smile that illumines his brow,  
 A pledge of His favor divine.—REF.

He waits for thee still, then haste with delight,  
 Oh, fly to the arms of His love,  
 Press on to that beautiful mansion of light,  
 Prepared in His kingdom above.—REF.

## 433

We shall meet beyond the river,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by,  
 And the darkness will be over,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by.

With the toilsome journey done,  
 And the glorious battle won,  
 We shall shine forth as the sun,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by.

Down with all of earth's delusion,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by,  
 War, and strife, and sin's confusion,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by,  
 We shall rest our pilgrim feet  
 On the shores where loved ones meet,  
 There to dwell in bliss complete,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by.

We shall see and be like Jesus,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by,  
 He a crown of life will give us,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by,  
 And the angels who fulfill  
 All the mandates of His will,  
 Shall attend and love us still,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by.

When with robes of snowy whiteness,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by,  
 And with crowns of dazzling brightness,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by,  
 There our storms and perils passed,  
 And with glory ours at last,  
 We'll possess the kingdom vast,  
 By-and-by, by-and-by.

## 434

Hear us from Thy throne above,  
 Thine forever, God of love !  
 Here and in eternity,  
 Thine forever may we be.

## REFRAIN.

Show the way ! show the way !  
 Guide us to the realms of day,  
 Shield us thro' the earthly strife,  
 Thine forever, Lord of life !

They who find in Thee their rest,  
 Thine forever, oh, how blest !  
 Oh, defend us to the end,  
 Guardian Saviour, heavenly Friend !—REF.

Let us all Thy goodness share,  
 Sheltered only in Thy care ;  
 These Thy frail and trembling sheep,  
 Thine forever, Saviour, keep !—REF.

## 435

My hope is in Jesus, my comfort is there,—  
 He bids me be faithful, and watch unto prayer ;  
 Believing His promise, I'll banish my fear,  
 Whatever my trial, the Saviour is near.

## CHORUS.

Jesus will help me,—  
 Jesus will help me,—  
 Jesus will help me,  
 Will help me to pray.

He gives me His spirit, a witness within,  
 That love has redeemed me, and cleansed me  
 from sin ;

The pledge of His pardon I feel in my breast,  
 Still looking by faith to a mansion of rest.

CHO.

O Saviour, dear Saviour; my Refuge Divine,  
 Thy cross will I bear, let the glory be Thine ;  
 My all to Thy service I cheerfully give,  
 And ask in the light of Thy counsel to live.

CHO.

I know that Thy grace is sufficient for me,  
 Yet draw me, dear Saviour, still closer to Thee :  
 My heart and my treasure to Thee I confide,  
 And trust Thee forever, my Comfort and Guide.

CHO.

## 436

Beyond life's raging fever,  
 Beyond life's troubled dream,  
 Beyond death's surging river,  
 Beyond that sullen stream.

CHORUS.

The saint shall dwell in glory,  
 In beauty fading not ;  
 Oh ! pilgrim, are you praying,  
 That this may be your lot ?

Beyond this land of sighing,  
 Where countless tears are shed,  
 Beyond the sick and dying,  
 Beyond the mouldering dead.—CHO.

Beyond this scene of trial,  
 Where heart and flesh do fail ;  
 Beyond the darkening shadows,  
 Beyond the gloomy vale.—CHO.

Beyond the thought of grieving  
 A kind and gracious God ;  
 Beyond the fear of sinning,  
 Beyond the chastening rod.—CHO.

Beyond earth's weary burden,  
 The cross, the scourge, the rod ;  
 The saint shall dwell in glory,  
 The saint shall dwell with God.—CHO.

## 437

One more day's work for Jesus ;  
 One less of life for me !  
 But heaven is nearer,  
 And Christ is dearer,  
 Than yesterday to me ;  
 His love and light  
 Fill all my soul to-night.

## CHORUS.

One more day's work for Jesus,  
 One more day's work for Jesus,  
 One more day's work for Jesus,  
 One less of life for me.

One more day's work for Jesus ;  
 How glorious is my King !  
 'Tis joy, not duty,  
 To speak His beauty ;  
 My soul mounts on the wing  
 At the mere thought  
 How Christ my life has bought.—CHO.

One more day's work for Jesus ;  
 How sweet the work has been,  
 To tell the story,  
 To show the glory,  
 When Christ's flock enter in !  
 How it did shine  
 In this poor heart of mine !—CHO.

One more day's work for Jesus—  
 Oh yes, a weary day ;  
 But heaven shines clearer,  
 And rest comes nearer,  
 At each step of the way ;  
 And Christ in all—  
 Before His face I fall.—CHO.

Oh, blessed work for Jesus !  
 Oh, rest at Jesus' feet !  
 There toil seems pleasure,  
 My wants are treasure,  
 And pain for Him is sweet.  
 Lord, if I may,  
 I'll serve another day.—CHO.

## 438

Weak and weary, poor and sinful,  
 Vainly I cry ;  
 Bound and crushed with years of sorrow,  
 What help is nigh ?

## CHORUS.

Let me touch the hem of His garment,  
 Let me touch the hem of His garment,  
 Let me touch the hem of His garment,  
 And the touch will make me whole.

How the people press around Him,  
 His word receive ;  
 Surely I may share His blessing,  
 I too believe.—CHO.  
 Long my heart has felt its burden,  
 Seeking for peace,  
 Now, at last, I find in Jesus  
 My sweet release.

CHO.—I have touched, etc.

## 439

Come, we that love the Lord,  
 And let our joys be known,  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne,  
 And thus surround the throne.

## CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion,  
 Beautiful, beautiful Zion ;  
 We're marching upward to Zion,  
 The beautiful city of God.

Let those refuse to sing  
 Who never knew our God ;  
 But children of the heavenly King,  
 But children of the heavenly King,  
 May speak their joys abroad,  
 May speak their joys abroad.—CHO.

The hill of Zion yields  
 A thousand sacred sweets,  
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
 Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
 Or walk the golden streets,  
 Or walk the golden streets.—CHO.

Then let our songs abound.  
 And every tear be dry ;  
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's  
 ground,  
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's  
 ground,  
 To fairer worlds on high,  
 To fairer worlds on high.—CHO.

## 440

Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Thy mighty arm make bare ;  
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,  
 And make Thy people hear.

## CHORUS.

Revive Thy work, revive Thy work,  
 And give refreshing showers ;  
 The glory shall be all Thine own,  
 The blessing shall be ours.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Disturb this sleep of death ;  
 Quicken the smouldering embers now  
 By Thine Almighty breath..

Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Create soul-thirst for Thee ;  
 And, hungering for the bread of life,  
 Oh, may our spirits be !—CHO.

Revive Thy work, O Lord,  
 Exalt Thy precious name ;  
 And by the Holy Ghost, our love  
 For Thee and Thine inflame.—CHO.

441

Why do you wait, dear brother,  
 Oh, why do you tarry so long ?  
 Your Saviour is waiting to give you  
 A place in His sanctified throng.

## CHORUS.

Why not ? why not ?  
 Why not come to Him now ?  
 Why not ? why not ?  
 Why not come to Him now ?

What do you hope, dear brother,  
 To gain by a further delay ?  
 There's no one to save you but Jesus,  
 There's no other way but His way.

CHO.

Do you not feel, dear brother,  
 His Spirit now striving within ?  
 Oh, why not accept His salvation,  
 And throw off thy burden of sin ?—CHO.

Why do you wait, dear brother,  
 The harvest is passing away,  
 Your Saviour is longing to bless you,  
 There's danger and death in delay ?

CHO.

## 442

O what a Saviour that He died for me !  
 From condemnation He hath made me free ;  
 " He that believeth on the Son," saith He,  
 " Hath everlasting life."

## CHORUS.

" Verily, verily, I say unto you,  
 Verily, verily," message ever new ;  
 " He that believeth on the Son," 'tis true,  
 " Hath everlasting life."

All my iniquities on Him were laid,  
 All my indebtedness by Him was paid ;  
 All who believe on Him, the Lord hath said,  
 " Have everlasting life."—CHO.

Tho' poor and needy, I can trust my Lord,  
 Tho' weak and sinful, I believe His word ;  
 O glad message ! every child of God,  
 " Hath everlasting life."—CHO.

Tho' all unworthy, yet I will not doubt,  
 For him that cometh, He will not cast out,  
 " He that believeth," O the good news shout,  
 " Hath everlasting life."—CHO.

443

*Justice.*

Cut it down, cut it down,  
 Spare not the fruitless tree !  
 It spreads a harmful shade around,  
 It spoils what else were useful ground,  
 No fruit for years on it I've found,  
 Cut it down, cut it down.

*Mercy.*

One year more, one year more,  
 Oh, spare the fruitless tree !  
 Behold its branches broad and green,  
 Its spreading leaves have hopeful been,  
 Some fruit thereon may yet be seen,  
 One year more, one year more.

*Justice.*

Cut it down, cut it down,  
 And burn the worthless tree !  
 For other use the soil prepare,  
 Some other tree will flourish there,  
 And in my vineyard much fruit bear,  
 Cut it down, cut it down.

*Mercy.*

One year more, one year more,  
 For mercy spare the tree !  
 Another year of care bestow,  
 On its fair form some fruit may grow,  
 If not—then lay the cumberer low.  
 One year more, one year more.

Still it stands, still it stands,  
 A fair, but fruitless tree !  
 The Master, seeking fruit thereon  
 Has come—but, grieved at finding none,  
 Now speaks to Justice—Mercy flown—  
 Cut it down, cut it down.

## 444

The prize is set before us,  
 To win, His words implore us,  
 The eye of God is o'er us  
 From on high, from on high ;  
 His loving tones are calling,  
 While sin is dark, appalling,  
 'Tis Jesus gently calling,  
 He is nigh, He is nigh.

## CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him,  
 By and by we shall greet Him,  
 And with Jesus reign in glory,  
 By and by, by and by ;

We'll follow where he leadeth,  
 We'll pasture where he feedeth,  
 We'll yield to Him who pleadeth  
     From on high, from on high;  
 Then naught from Him shall sever,  
 Our hope shall brighten ever,  
 And faith shall fail us never,  
     He is nigh, He is nigh.—CHO.

Our home is bright above us,  
 No trials dark to move us,  
 But Jesus dear to love us  
     There on high, there on high;  
 We'll give Him best endeavor,  
 And praise His name forever,  
 His precious words can never,  
     Never die, never die.—CHO.

445

What a friend we have in Jesus,  
     All our sins and griefs to bear;  
 What a privilege to carry  
     Everything to God in prayer.  
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,  
     Oh, what needless pain we bear—  
 All because we do not carry  
     Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations ?  
Is there trouble anywhere ?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share ?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care ?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee ?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer ;  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.







